LARYKNOLL



The Field Afar 🛞 May 1943—10¢



NEW YORK
AND
CHUNGKING

THE TRIP now being made by Archbishop Spellman is most noteworthy. Not only has the Archbishop seen a world at war and visited our boys on all fronts, but he has also gathered firsthand information on the mission activity of the Catholic Church.

At Chungking he may miss Bishop Yupin, an old friend from days in Rome. Bishop Yupin is planning to visit the United States. These two great leaders have joined hands in behalf of suffering China, and their mission will take each to opposite sides of the globe.

Bishop Yupin, one of China's foremost citizens, is a member of the Chinese National Political Council, the Government Relief Commission, and director of the newspaper Social Welfare.

MARYKNOLL

Maryknoll, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul



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HERE in Chungking I heard a former leader in Confucianism call upon 270,000,000 Confucians to become followers of Christ. The thrill of this momentous event was heightened by the fact that the speaker, Dr. H. H. Kung, is a lineal descendant of the great Confucius himself.

Dr. Kung is one of China's highest ranking officials and a most enlightened statesman. Like his

gifted sister-in-law, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, he added an American college education to his home training in the traditional lore of China.

At a luncheon in the capital of Free China, Dr. Kung said:

"Confucianism is proposed as an ethical, not a religious, system. In my study of religion, I discovered that God is a loving and kindly heavenly Father: wherefore I embraced Christianity. The Confucianist masses should embrace Christianity in order to perfect their Confucian principles."

It is important to note that Dr. Kung says Confucianism is not a religion. Confucius never set himself up as a religious leader.

Actually Confucius was a social leader, one of the greatest of all time. His teachings have served to make of the Chinese a people respected for their diligence and conscious of the necessity of social and family virtues.

These qualities are distinguishing



A descendant of Confucius speaks

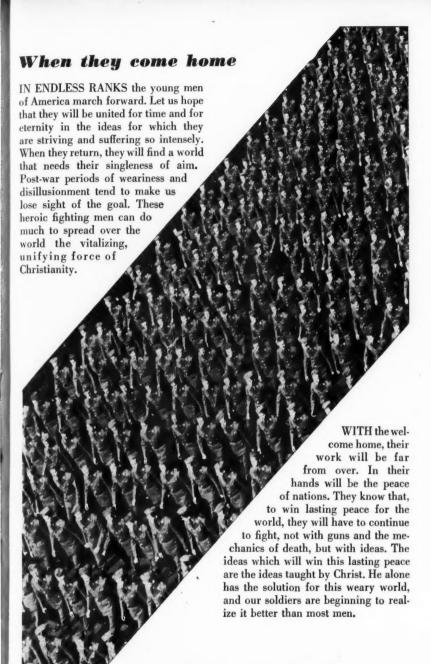
marks of the Chinese. How much of this is due to the teachings of Confucius is a matter for the students of the Orient to discuss; but the point that a code of ethics is not a religion is one easily grasped by thinkers everywhere.

When questioned about the future life, Confucius replied, "We know not life; how can we know death?" He did, however, acknowledge a Law of Heav-

en as the supreme rule of life.

Today one of the most distinguished of Confucius' descendants proclaims that this Law of Heaven is Christianity. Confucianism, although it has kept millions of Chinese on the path of self-respect for almost twenty-five centuries, is not enough; it must be perfected by turning to the way of Christ,

Dr. Kung expressed these views in the presence of many distinguished officials, at a luncheon that I attended in Chungking. As Finance Minister of the Chinese Republic, he modernized his country's fiscal system, and he has presided over China's executive Yuan, or Senate. True Confucians, with their devotion to high principles and respect for authority, are splendid material for converts to Christianity. By his recent Chungking speech, Dr. Kung has become a potent ally of the missioners in the task of leading the Confucian millions to Christ.





Guadalcanal Requiem for an American soldier

American priests over the world

by Rev. Albert J. Nevins

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TODAY'S war finds American boys in uniform scattered over the earth. To the servicemen, as they toil and suffer through days and nights of peril, comes comfort in the knowledge that their priests are nearby and with them.

Catholic America can be proud of the priests who have gone out with our soldiers, sailors, and marines. The chaplain is father and brother to the boys who are fighting for our way of life. He carries Christ to the battleline, as other American priests carry Him to pagan lands. Though a noncombatant, the chaplain, too, risks his life; sometimes gives it.

For the living and the dead

Out of the valiant service of these priests has come a challenging slogan: "There are no atheists in the foxholes." There were none at Bataan; there were none at Guadalcanal, where the picture

on this page was taken. Somewhere nearby, an American boy has died for his country. These are his last rites. Father Matthew Keough, of Philadelphia, is celebrating a Solemn Mass of Requiem. Assisting at his right is Father James E. Dunford, of Boston, a schoolmate of Maryknoll's Father Michael Walsh. The "altar boy" at his left is an officer in the uniform of the United States,

Maryknollers volunteer, too

Maryknollers serving as chaplains are comparatively few, but we are happy to have at least a small share in the great work being done by our fellow American priests. Since every available Maryknoll priest had already been sent overseas to the mission fields entrusted to us by the Holy Father, the only ones in a position to volunteer as chaplains were those recently released from Japan

or Japanese-occupied territories. These missioners had hoped that circumstances might make it possible for them to join the other Maryknollers still in free China. But no such good fortune was theirs! They were forced to come back to this country.

Of this returned group, many have already gone to Maryknoll's fields of endeavor in Latin America. But some of them, after long years of service in the Orient, had a furlough due. Rather than rest, these Maryknollers offered their services as chaplains. Bishop Walsh, our Superior General, and his Council gladly gave permission. Now these men of Maryknoll, who have been

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e w through years of war in the Orient, and who spent quite a long period in concentration camps over there, are aiding other American priests in ministering to our brave men in the service.

One of them was with the landing force in North Africa. A second is in the Solomons. The others are scattered far and wide. But their part is small, indeed, compared to all the work for souls accomplished by Catholic chaplains from every section of the United States.

Shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of our earthly wars, march the soldiers of the Prince of Peace. The field where these men serve is the world.

Navy chaplains Paul Bordenet (left) and Joseph Daly are Maryknollers





They were taken ashore, after a long journey by submarine under the Pacific

Unsung heroines

by Rev. WILLIAM FLETCHER

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IN CHANGSHA one night not long ago, an ominous quiet embraced the stricken city. The streets were deserted. Chinese shopkeepers had fled. The populace had drained off in stumbling panic as Japanese bombs screamed, flowered in flame on the town, and shook the few buildings still standing.

By golden lamplight in the Convent of The Sacred Heart the weary Sisters prayed by the bier of one of their number. They had walked, unflinching, all day through scenes of fresh death and heartbreaking desolation. They had lifted the latch of Heaven's Gate for 113 dying natives. Now they were alone with their own dead.

A scratching pen recorded the end of another day's work. "One of our Sisters," the Mother Superior wrote, "has left us for Heaven. She died as she had lived, a true missioner to the end. Our hearts are filled with anguish."

Bombardment in Algiers

Elsewhere, in remote corners of the earth, some 46,300 Sisters patiently stand amid war's desolation to bring Christ to the dying, to heal the wounds of the living, to walk as symbols of peace and goodness where all else is wickedness and destruction.

Faith gives them greater courage than that which impels the soldier into bloody conflict. In Algiers, only a few months ago, the White Sisters moved calmly and quietly among their Arab patients in the wards, as earth-rocking shells shook the city. The hospital walls crumbled in the bombardment. Five White Sisters lay dead in the ruins.

Late one December night, around last Christmas, an American submarine, shedding bubble phosphorescence from its sleek sides, slipped quietly into shallow water off Buka, one of the Solomon Islands. On shore, under the bediamonded tropic sky, four Sisters—the Superior, Sister Mary Isabel, and Sisters Mary Hedda, Mary Irene, and Mary Celestine—patiently waited.

Rescue by submarine

Somewhere near by, several hundred Japanese sought them and the other whites who now stood beside them on the starlit sand. There was little fear in the Sisters' hearts or in their placid faces, pale in the stars' faint glow. They put out to the submarine, walked quietly to the places assigned, and sat with hands folded as the conning-tower hatch closed.

They were landed at another island, after a long journey under the Pacific. Then they transferred to surface craft. Sailors and marines marveled at their meek acceptance of danger, but this is the way of the Sisters—to look upon death and destruction in the far corners of the earth, with Christ's lamp undimmed in their unwavering hands.

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Sister Joan Marie Ryan, of the Bronx, New York, now in South China



Sister Ancilla Marie Tansey, of Newark, New Jersey, is in the Philippines

At Ruavatu, on Guadalcanal, stands the Marist Mission. At least it stood there before the first Japanese came. It was a collection of tiny wooden huts a church, a rectory, a convent, a dispensary, and a dormitory for the native students. When word of the invasion came, all foreigners fled—all but the Marist Fathers and Marist Sisters.

They stood their ground

They remained quietly at their posts. At their bishop's orders, they sank the mission launch to keep it from the invaders' hands. The Japanese were angry. They advanced on the defenseless missioners with lowered bayonets.

Word that came through later said the priests and the Sisters meekly, but bravely, stood their ground. They were: Father Arthur Duhamel, of Lawrence, Massachusetts; Father Henri Oude-Enberink, of Holland; Sister Sylvia, of France; and Sister Odilia, of Italy.

They were found dead, all four. Each had a bayonet wound in the throat.

No need to pile, one upon the next, the tales of the Sisters' extraordinary heroism and sublime faith in their mission. The world will some day learn, and long remember, not by word but by



The world will some day learn of the Sisters' war work

deed, the great glory of their work among the destitute, the sorrowing, and the brokenhearted in this cruel war.

In Hong Kong, when Japanese bombs fell, the Sisters went about their Christian duties courageously. In Kweilin, capital of Kwangsi, South China, as the mission crumbled to dust under enemy bombs, the Maryknoll Sisters brought relief from physical pain, from hunger, and from sorrow, to bewildered women and children.

The Sisters' way

Their diaries tell the story with remarkable simplicity, for this is the Sisters' way of recording events that might well reduce some persons to hysteria and even madness:

"Nov. 12—We almost forgot it was Armistice Day yesterday. Our day began at 2:30 a.m. The convent and the nurses' home are on the firing line. We

could hear the Chinese soldiers crying, 'Sah! Sah!'—which means, 'Kill! Kill!'—and the children and women crying, and the dogs barking. The Chinese charged. A bugle played. There followed terrific firing and shouting.

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"Father gave us Holy Communion at 5:30 a.m., after which we had a little coffee. All morning, refugees came. We have about 300 now. The Sisters went looking in the houses for wounded soldiers. They found one shot in the leg, and brought him to the hospital.

"Nov. 25. Thanksgiving Day—We have so much to be thankful for! This is perhaps the only hospital in Free China which has not been destroyed. We are all grateful for the prayers you have said. We know they helped us so much during these anxious months."

Brave Sisters, these 46,300, who accept their reward in prayers.

EVERY Catholic is a missioner. Why? Because he or she believes the greatest blessing that can come upon the world is that all humanity be united through the Catholic Church, where "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, for all are one in Christ."

We believe, and history supports the belief, that there will never be any unity among the nations of the world until there is some unity of faith among the peoples of the world. A political agreement between various governments is a good thing, but governments change, and frequently they are not representative of their people. It is necessary that a few individuals should speak for a nation: but it is much more necessary that these representatives should be restrained, in their policies and actions, by the laws of God.

A commandment, not a gift

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If mankind is ever to enjoy international peace, it must first accept the principles of national morality. We cannot have economic injustice, class intolerance, race discrimination within nations, and maintain, at the same time, amicable relations with international neighbors. Sooner or later, foreign policies of government reflect national attitudes and antipathies. Nations cannot invoke the divine law to restrain their rivals and disregard the divine law in

the pursuit of their own ambitions. Governments cannot grasp the body structure of unity and ignore its soul.

A part of Our Lord's last testament was a commandment—not a gift. "A new commandment I give you, that you love one another; that, as I have loved you, you also love one another."

"Love is strong as death"

In these days, when men are supposed to have iron in their blood (and too often get steel in their bones), charity may appear weak and concessive. Of course, charity can be debased into a soft sentiment but the charity of Christ is the strongest thing in the world. "Love is strong as death." The love which Christ brought into the world, to refashion man according to His own likeness, is a love not only strong to control but powerful to create.

Love will not make us blind to differences of temperament; or foolish in the belief that, because all men are God's children, they are always good children; or ignorant that life is a struggle, and its roadways marked with the monuments of many disasters. But love will teach what hate could never lead us to know: that, as we strive to follow in the ways of the Lord, we strive together as blood relatives in Christ, and, while striving, know that He, if we are faithful, will support us all the day long.



"Catholic means universal—there is no other possible translation in either Italian or any other modern language—and Catholic Church means Universal Church. Now the contrast between exaggerated nationalism and Catholic doctrine is evident. The spirit of this nationalism is contrary to the spirit of the Credo and is contrary to the Faith."

—Pius XI

A lifetime on a Chinese boat

by Rev. MARTIN J. BURKE

WALK DOWN to the banks of any river in China, and you will see native boats—sampans—as far as the eye can reach. Every boat is another home. Here countless millions of human beings are born, live their span of days, and pass on into eternity.

The missioner is deeply interested in these floating homes. To him, and to those who know the story of the Catholic missioners in this great and troubled land, the river folk are an abiding challenge.

Sampan homes

Sampans are usually from ten to fifteen feet long and from four to six feet wide. The middle of the boat is covered by a bamboo hood, quite waterproof when in good repair. At either end of the sampan is a platform on which the rowers stand when plying their oars.

The rowers may prove to be women, girls, or small boys. The father is probably earning a pittance for the family's support as a coolie on the water front. How these people make a living is a mystery—one of China's many.

The sampans of South China are often kept scrupulously clean. In the neighborhood of Canton, many boats are tastefully decorated in bright colors.

Rice "and escort"

It is early morning, and on each boat the diligent housewife is busy getting breakfast ready. She and all the others have been up for hours, but, when the day has only two meals, breakfast is purposely delayed. Dinner, the second meal, comes late in the afternoon.

The little mother has already rolled up the sleeping mats. Each was meticulously washed before being put away. She and her family are most painstaking in their personal ablutions.

Weeds or dried rice stalks crackle in the stove. This fuel burns fast, and the busy housewife repeatedly tosses in more. Rice is in the pot, rice "and escort." That genial figure of speech is used by the people to denote whatever else they can find to go with the rice—fish with vegetables, or maybe pork, or more rarely, chicken and duck. The little boat depends chiefly on rice, as does China-on-land. When all is ready, the men eat first, then the women and children.

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After breakfast the housewife turns back to her tasks. Her little space is neatly conserved. Bedding, clothes, and minor supplies for the house are snugly

Manpower hauls the river craft





Entire families live on these tiny, picturesque houseboats

stored beneath the floor of the deck. Perhaps the housewife must go ashore for more food. As likely as not, a baby is strapped to her back as she shops and gossips with her neighbors.

There are ups and downs

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Back to the boat she goes. There's always plenty to do. Her hard routine of duties is terribly complicated by the interference of war. Like all mothers of Chinese families in these troubled times, she must call upon heroic qualities to keep her domestic craft on an even keel, no matter how placidly the boat itself rests on the river's bosom.

Sometimes the little craft is not lying lazily at the town's margin. It is on the way up the river, perhaps, with Mother proving herself as stout a boatman as Father. At times the river people may drag a load of freight behind them on a boat maybe twice or three times as large as their own houseboat.

For each member of the family, there is evening social life. Mother and Father

puff reflectively on long bamboo pipes, smoking native tobacco that looks like our cornsilk. Old cronies may drop around to visit in the dimmed-out cabin, for the lamps are usually low to save kerosene.

Perhaps the missioner will call. It may well be a business call—the business of instruction and guidance in the Catholic Faith these boat people take to so readily and need so badly. Cruelties of war have saddened the lives of all these simple souls. Yet, like the rest of the Chinese, they are for the most part uncomplaining. When the Christian Faith is brought to them, they are devoutly and earnestly grateful. They need the opportunity for more contact with the Catholic way of life.

That is what the Maryknoll missioner thinks of, as he stands near the river's edge and watches the myriads of floating homes bob up and down. He wishes he could carry to every Catholic in the United States the challenge of these millions of deserving lives.



There is an endless line of sick and wounded at the missioner's door

Three hundred cases a day

by Rev. Joseph W. REGAN

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THREE HUNDRED patients a day would keep a United States medico on the double quick—even with the aid of a company of assistants. In contrast, one of Maryknoll's South China missions reports the treatment of three hundred patients a day, every day, in the mission's medical dispensary.

Difficult and changing travel conditions often made it impossible to keep a supply of medicines on hand. At one time, when there were no more bandages, newspapers were used to cover open wounds. When the stock of iodine was depleted, the only available substitute was hot water.

The missioners worked long hours, but had the satisfaction of not turning any of the patient sufferers away without treatment.

"These poor Chinese soldiers"

Here is what Father Cosgrove, formerly of West Newton, Massachusetts, wrote in his mission diary last month:

"Two afternoons a week are for soldiers, and the others for the poor of the town. There are over 10,000 Chinese soldiers in this place. They are without a doctor or a drop of medicine. I could keep going all day and night, treating these boys' leg ulcers and stomach complaints alone. One of the last cases to be brought to me was a serious one. But I had nothing left in the dispensary except iodine, aspirin, salts, and worm medicine.

"These poor Chinese soldiers are certainly having a hard time of it. You've probably heard that, of every eleven Chinese soldiers who die, only one is killed in battle. We have about 150 Maryknoll priests here in China now. Too bad we haven't 15,000! There would be plenty of work for every one of them to do."

Father Mark Churchill, once of Mason City, Iowa, writes from Loking, "We opened our last bottle of quinine tablets." He adds that malaria is the most prevalent disease his dispensary

encounters. But his work, too, goes on. There's often a substitute for a missing remedy, but none for missing helpers. Many more thousands of missioners could be used.

The medical needs of China are almost overwhelming. War has wiped out the small public-health gains of a decade or more. Five million men under arms can count on fewer than 1,000 doctors. Remember that in the United States Army every 1,000 soldiers have six physicians.

Sanitation has lost ground, too, with the upheaval of war. Medical supplies must be carried from India, over the roof of the world, in airplanes that have little or no space for anything but munitions. Modern treatment and care are often balked by ignorance and superstition. Almost universal hunger leaves people exposed to epidemics. These Chinese, with all their wonderful heritage of dependence upon their own good earth, are crying for food.

So runs the catalogue of the tribulations of wartime China, as wave after

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wave of suffering humanity beats upon the mission walls. On they come, patient, uncomplaining, pathetically grateful for whatever they get. They are stoical, they "can take it"—that's the reputation of the Chinese masses. But stoicism has never yet done the work of anesthetics and clean gauze and a decent quota of the pharmacist's stores.

Many babies die

Mission priests baptize babies dying at the roadside, and babies born amid the chaos of refugee camps. Chinese little ones cannot easily survive the ravages of hunger, infections, and long hours in foul shelters. Trying to save them is a heavy strain upon the dispensaries of the mission areas.

How many thousands of these unfortunate people, young and old, could be saved if only there were more missioners! Of course, some of the most dire needs can be met only with the cessation of war. But an ever-present need, war or no war, is the need of more apostles.

Wave after wave of suffering humanity beats upon the mission walls





Religion and

CEVENTEEN THOUSAND persons of filled New York's Madison Square Garden to see and hear a very distinguished Chinese lady. She impressed each one with her simple charm, with her quiet force of personality, and, above all, with her extraordinary devotion to her cause. They, like their fellow Americans, already knew something of her unfailing steadfastness and courage of spirit.

But in her talk at the Garden, a talk which was broadcast to the nation. Madame Chiang Kai-shek took away the breath of her listeners for a moment when she said:

"There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lesson gained thereby."

Here was a Christian lady from a pagan land, reminding the people of the United States of one of the most fundamental principles of Christianity, But she went still further:

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"The teachings of Christ radiate ideas for the elevation of souls and individual capacities far above the common passions of hate and degradation. He taught us to help our less-fortunate fellow beings, to work and strive for their betterment without ever deceiving ourselves and others by pretending that tragedy and ugliness do not exist. He taught us to hate the evil in men, but not men themselves."

Her tribute to missioners

It seems rather timely, too, to bring to your attention a remarkable statement that Madame Chiang made not

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by Rev. John J. Considine

long ago, before leaving China, in tribute to the work being done in that great land by Catholic priests of various nations:

"To the 400,000,000 Catholics scattered throughout the world, it must be a vital concern to know what your missioners have accomplished at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese-occupied areas. They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction; on the contrary, they have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery, both physical and spiritual.

"Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of terrified and helpless women who ran into Catholic compounds when the Japanese military approached. Other Catholic missioners devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Others, with undaunted courage, continued educational work amongst the stricken and destitute. In all that they are doing, they have shown the quality of mercy which blesses him that gives and him that receives. In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of a starved people.

"Their life of self-denial and inner discipline has proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer."

Hopeless without religion

In a recent appeal to American women, Madame Chiang Kai-shek stressed that, without religion, it is hopeless to try to revive standards of international honor and righteousness. Humanity has worshiped at the shrines of Expediency and Mammon, she claimed, instead of kneeling in contrite supplication before Almighty God. This, she said, is the root cause of the trouble of the world today. Then she continued:

"Religion, on which the doors of diplomacy seem to have been slammed, is the main pillar of civilization. Without it there can be no international righteousness, no justice, no common decency, no guaranteeing of the honor of the pledged word. . . . Without religion, no state can long endure. That should now be clear enough, If religious principles governed all treatymakers, there would be no treaty-breakers. If religious feelings beat in the hearts of would-be destroyers, there would be no destruction. When national consciousness and individual consciousness are developed through belief in religion, when religion is accepted as the central pivot and the motivating force of life and conduct, then the doom of civilization may be averted, but not until then."

China needs Christ

On another occasion, Madame Chiang Kai-shek stated that the principles of Christ must form part of China's future foundation. She could not have been more emphatic in stressing the contribution the Church must make if China's reconstruction is to be thorough and complete:

"The most important factor in reconstruction is the spiritual renewal of the people and the improvement of their character. The beginning of the Christian life is really a radical and permanent moral change wrought in the spiritual nature, and commonly referred to as the new birth. A change in the growing purpose, reformation of habits and life, and continuation by the Holy Spirit of new ways of living, is new life from within, and the right place to begin the regeneration of a nation. In a large measure this part of reconstruction is pre-eminently the work of the Church. Then let us do it together, the New Life Movement and the Church."



The tower and crucifix of Maryknoll's Novitiate at Bedford, Massachusetts

A Bedford novice writes home

November, 1942

DEAR FATHER JIM,

As I'M NOT SURE of your latest address, I'm sending this home to be forwarded. Now that you're a Navy chaplain, I can't keep up with you.

You know that I was a bit afraid of this novitiate business. What would a fellow

do with himself all day up here, I wondered?

Well, believe it or not, I haven't yet found any minutes to waste. You know how I always hated to turn out in the morning? I'm regulator just now, and have to get the brethren up at 5:30 a.m. or else - - - ! Then there are bells to be

remembered until 9:30 p.m. It keeps me

stepping!

We have only one formal class a day; and do we learn things about the missions from one who has actually worked there! That's one bell the fellows would like to have me forget, the signal for class to end.

We have two meditations a day, and go on retreat every Friday. Gives a man a chance to take stock, so I really look for-

ward to these quiet times.

During the year we have to deliver three sermons—in the refectory. My first one came off yesterday, and every time I worked myself up to a top flight of oratory, someone would bang a dish!

Don't worry about my being happy here, but just pray that I may some day be as

top-notch a Padre as yourself.

Your brother who's learning a few things, George

January, 1943

DEAR DAD,

Don't be timid about planting that Victory garden on the roof this spring, because I'll be able to give you all sorts of pointers. We're going agricultural in a big way. Most of our mission work will be among farming people, and we'll be out of step unless we're in a position to sympathize with their daily problems.

It's all very new to one used chiefly to the sidewalks of New York, but, strange to say, the porkers are getting to look like balloons under my tender care. I'm even acquiring a paternal interest in the

chickens, silly as they are!

When I get my next vacation, you won't have to do all the carpentry, painting, plumber's jobs, and electrical work about the house.

Your apprentice jack-of-all-trades,

GEORGE

February, 1943

DEAR MOM,

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Get ready to go to Atlantic City for a good long rest, when my next vacation comes round. Yes, I'm a fully certified cook now!

You recall my writing you that we novices take turns at helping in the kitchen. My two weeks have just rolled by, with no major casualties.

The first week I was the community slave, washing endless pots and pans, stoking the stove, scrubbing the floor, and

so on.

One day as I lifted the cover of the garbage can, I saw two bright eyes looking at me. Mr. Skunk cast one glance at what I was about to deposit in the can. "Hash again!" cried he. "Here, take that!" Did I make a dash for the showers!

The second week, I advanced to the Number One position, and stood at our cook's elbow, learning the ingredients of her juicy Irish stews and New England boiled dinners. Mrs. Winn claims I have a positive talent for pie crust and hot muffins. If she's right, I'll be my future mission pastor's white-haired boy.

So, get your vacation trousseau ready, Mom dear, and prepare to leave all your worries to

Your K. P. expert son,

GEORGE

April, 1943

DEAR JOE,

You ought to see our baseball team! I'll wager anything your high-school one can't hold a candle to it.

Skiing and skating have been grand this winter. Now the tennis, handball, and volleyball fans will have their innings. The Concord River is super for swimming and boating.

So long, pal! I'm booked to teach a catechism class in the neighboring parish. Tonight I take my turn at helping Uncle Sam scan the sky for planes.

The novitiate year will be over before I know it. I've never been so happy any-

where, any time.

Hoping you'll write to me from here yourself some day, GEORGE

"You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you: that you may be the children of your Father Who is in heaven, Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad and raineth upon the just and the unjust."

—Matt. V:43-45



Skull crusher—Going through the jungle on horseback is quite an experience in Cobija. Jaguars and wild boars infest the place. But meeting an animal is not nearly as dangerous as having a cocoanut fall on your head. Many an Indian has had his skull crushed by one of them. So I am on the lookout for all falling cocoanuts!

-Father Raymond Bonner, of Ardmore, Pa., now in Cobija, Bolivia

"**Old Country" wonders—Many stories of America were prompted by the questions put to the pastor by the newly baptized. Distance perhaps gives one certain liberties in describing things in the "Old Country." If I added a few extra stories to the Empire State Building, or a few extra miles to the Oakland Bridge, it was just to drive home the great size in both instances.

The fact that there are no water buffaloes in America interested the little lad from Han T'ian. He is thinking of saving his coppers and taking a buffalo to America. There he plans to charge ten cents a head for a "look-see." The gathering broke up when someone told about a house built with fish bones.

—Father Joseph Cosgrove, of West Newton, Mass., now in Chuanchow, China

Figure it out—It was after the Japanese had brought up their big guns and were trying to search out the guerrillas, who were armed only with rifles, that old Fung Paak gave us his expert opinion on why China is certain to win the war.

"Look here," said he, "one guerrilla will

sit up on Kwai Fung Mountain. Every fifteen minutes he will shoot a two-cent, homemade bullet at the group of Japanese soldiers gathered on Elephant Mountain. The Japanese will get their thirteen soldiers to ram the cannon and fire a great big shell, which will only hit the side of the mountain. It costs about \$85 to shoot that big gun once. They fired it sixty-three times yesterday. . . . Figure it out for yourself."

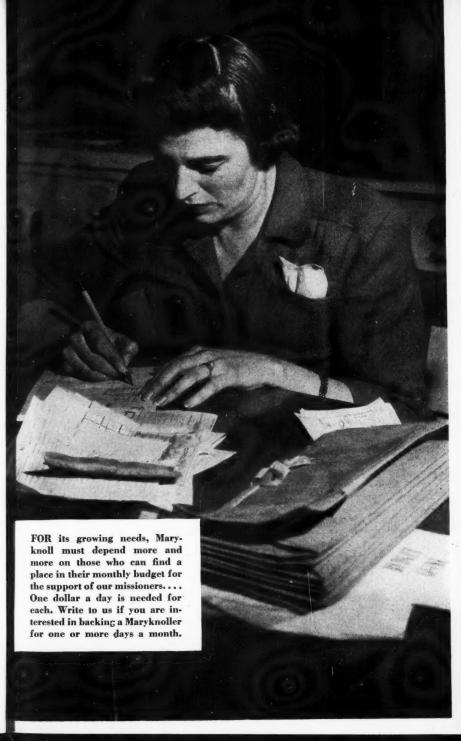
—Father Warren Brennan, of Cincinnati, O., now in Fachow, China

Moses, the "manager"—The six remaining men of the present catechumenate were baptized today. One of them took the name of Moses. From his early days here, we had referred to him as the "manager." His choice of Moses was entirely voluntary. He gave as his reasons for the selection that Moses led the people out of captivity and in the course of the journey managed things very well. You couldn't help liking the "manager," I mean, Moses.

-Father Francis Kelliher, of Seattle, Wash., now in Laipo, China

Mud bath—Our house is being re-roofed. Mud is two inches thick in every room. A tropical rain came along one afternoon, and since a goodly portion of the roof was uncovered, the house was turned into a small lake. The rainy season has begun, and you really have not seen it rain till you have seen it rain in the Pando.

-Father Thomas Danehy, of Manitowoc, Wis., now in Riberalta, Bolivia



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"Father Foto" is caught unawares

FATHER ANTHONY COTTA, M.M., affectionately called "Father Foto" by the victims of his ever-active camera, is here "snapped" himself, while engrossed in his favorite topic—the problems of the mission fields. For over two decades his camera has faithfully recorded for our readers Maryknoll members and events.

An expert linguist, Father Cotta was a missioner in Madagascar and China before becoming a Maryknoller. He was a pioneer in the emphasis placed by modern mission methods on the development of a native priesthood. In China he was closely associated with the late great apostle, Father Vincent Lebbe. Father Cotta is one of Maryknoll's oldest and most beloved members.

Solitude

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

SOME of the experiences which were fairly common to a generation or two ago are fast vanishing from the world. One of these is solitude. Our grandfathers knew it, ploughing the fields, or in the lonely vigil of a snow-bound winter's night. Now it is found, perhaps, mostly among missioners.

To understand the deep heart of solitude, you have first to silence the multiple machines about you. You have to dim all light beyond a narrow radius. Above all, you have to be free of obligations that may keep the mind taut or beget problems that preoccupy. All this is well-nigh impossible in the twentieth century, except for missioners.

Not lonesome, though lonely

A missioner's solitude is not lone-some, though lonely. At sunset, especially in the country parishes that make up nine tenths of China, his people withdraw to their homes. The chatter of children is stilled by early dusk; the cattle are bedded for the night; and the doors are made fast against all prowlers. The missioner sees the unlit houses in the distance melt into the landscape; and an overwhelming silence, unknown to the Western world, surrounds and penetrates. Gradually the steady flicker of the oil lamp liberates his mind to a relaxing enjoyment of real solitude.

A missioner's day is peculiarly unselfish and long. From the merest suggestion of dawn, he is at the disposal of his people. In a democracy of living that has raised few barriers to intercourse, among a people who have accepted him as sharing their daily life, the missioner is immersed in activities throughout the day. Custom has put



him at the call of all; and simple folk who work for no one but themselves weigh time more carelessly than do commercial-minded Westerners.

The solitude that is the missioner's lot from dusk to bedtime is, then, by contrast so striking and abrupt that it appalls him at the outset. It's the rare man, especially in youth, who relishes an hour or two of absolute silence and inactive isolation in a dark too dense to focus the eye. In theory, the Westerner, harassed by tense activity all day, should yearn for absolute solitude; in actual experience, solitude requires an adjustment that drives hard against a lifetime of companionship and interchange of thought.

Like all habits, however, it is soon acquired, and its soothing influence on the spirit insensibly tests its worth. It is the brooding time of high resolves and clear logic, when the world and its ends are aligned aright, and the whisper of God is heard that steadies the morrow with fresh plans. It is the reason why old missioners are young and cleareyed, and young ones can launch out

into the deep.

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Mary's Month

APRIL SHOWERS do their silent work, and presently the stage is set for an upheaval of verdant life that changes our dull round of hibernating existence into an enchanted adventure overnight. Miracles surround us, and we walk at least half on air as we tread the magic carpet of tender green that suddenly unrolls beneath our feet. The green spreads, climbs, riots everywhere. Buds peep out. The whole drab land is busily engaged in weaving the graceful tapestry of leafy bloom that is to festoon it in beauty for the new day.

Overhead the clouds are ivory billows that twist lazily in the soft whisper of wind from the south. And if we doubt the miracle, there are minstrels to announce it with a world of cheery insistence, and this they do with many a chirp and twitter from every bush and bough. We must believe it. The world is young again; and to prove it, it is clothing itself

once more in loveliness for Mary's Month of May.

The world that knew and possessed Mary the Mother of God could not be without beauty. The world that possesses her still cannot be without hope. It will rise from its dark night of blood-drenched dreams at the beckoning of her compassionate smile. It will know greener fields and better days through her maternal solicitude and ministering care. It will find its own peace as it draws closer to the Mother who brought her children the Prince of Peace. And then, in heaven and on earth and to the ends of the earth, it will be May.

He also serves

THE Catholic missioner is attached to his own country, acknowledges his indebtedness to it, performs his civic duties towards it, honors it, defends it, prays for it—and leaves it; loving it not less, but his vocation more. For the love of country is a human obligation that is conditioned in its expression by the circumstances of life, whereas the mission vocation is

a divine obligation that dictates the circumstances of life.

Yet we do not know any person who reflects more credit on his country, or promotes its true welfare in greater degree, than the missioner who leaves it to spread its best blessings abroad. In addition, we do not know any country worth the name that is not proud and glad to have those apostles of charity represent it abroad. There are few citizens who serve their own country more effectively than the missioners who go out from it to serve the world.



Twenty more priests to Latin America

by Rev. Joseph A. Hahn

LIKE the Marines, the Catholic Church, when it finds a weak spot, rolls up its sleeves and goes to work. Because of a serious lack of parishes and clergy, traditionally Catholic Latin America finds itself in the paradoxical position of lacking a rich sacramental and liturgical life.

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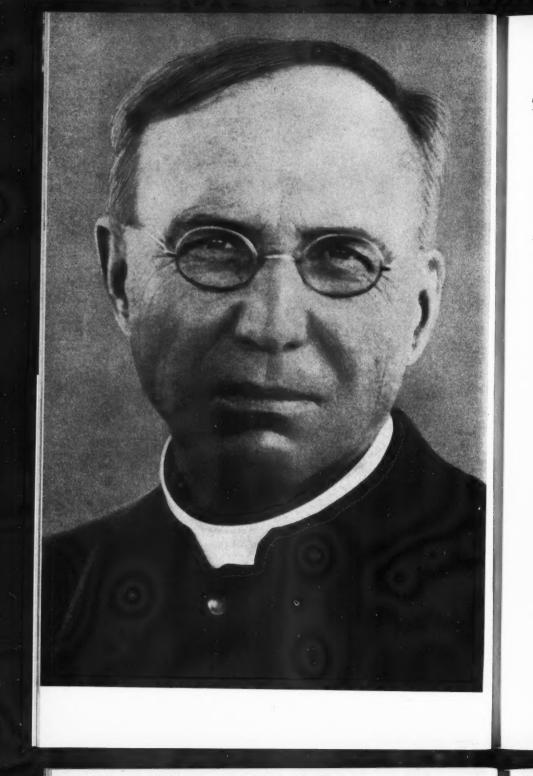
The solution lies in the powerful and generous coöperation of the United States; more particularly, the solution lies with Maryknoll, since Maryknoll is America's foreign-mission agency. Maryknoll took to its task seriously and enthusiastically.

During the past year, four groups of mission priests have left from Maryknoll in the United States to take up parochial duties in various and widely separated sections of Latin America. The last group of priests, who left on March 28, brings the present total to sixty-four.

Priests are needed

Although the assignment of sixty-four priests to any one mission territory is so large that it is probably unprecedented in the modern history of the Church, the number is still superlatively inadequate. In Latin America there are 124,000,000 Catholics, under the care of 16,000 resident priests. In simple reduction this gives about one priest for each seven and a half thousand people.

By way of comparison, the United States has 36,000 resident priests for its Catholic population of 22,000,000, or one priest to serve each six hundred Catholics.



Thomas Frederick Price

ONE STORMY NIGHT, off Cape Hatteras, the steamship Rebecca Clyde went down. Thomas Frederick Price, a young passenger aboard, was drowning, but as the black tempest's waves closed over him, he breathed a prayer and a promise to Our Lady, for whom he had great love.

Our Lady heard him. "I seemed almost physically lifted up," he explained later. As he came to the surface, a spar floated near. Finally he was taken from the sea by rescuers.

The young man's promise was generously kept, and Thomas Frederick Price's life was marked by deep dedication to the Blessed Mother. He became a priest, consumed with the desire to be on the road for souls. It was the open countryside of North Carolina that saw him most often.

"Father Price," says one who knew him well, "was devoted, tireless, gay, mortified, and a deep lover of holy poverty. He loved the poor and the lowly. He catechized everywhere; followed up his neophytes in corn and cotton fields; instructed under trees, at fence corners, and on tree stumps; ate the coarsest of food with laughing relish; took a deep interest in the Negroes; and always had the most contagious gaiety."

Father Price was an apostle of the highway, and for him that highway, in quite orthodox Catholic fashion, eventually led around the world. When he heard that Father James Anthony Walsh, of Boston, spoke of the need of an American seminary for foreign missions, he was immediately interested. At the International Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, he learned that Father Walsh was on hand, and hurried across the city to see him. Before the day was over, the two had resolved to be the joint founders of Maryknoll. That was in 1910.

In 1918, the first band of Maryknoll missioners left for China. Father Price headed the group. The rice paths of the East then witnessed his tireless trampings until, after a brief year, God's Mother took him to herself in death.

He lives on, a symbol and an inspiration to America's priests in fields afar.



The first group of Maryknoll Sisters assigned to Latin America*

Sisters to Bolivia and Panama

EIGHT Maryknoll Sisters became privileged pioneers in a new venture for Christ, with the announcement of the long-awaited assignments of our Sisters to Latin America.

Two veteran missioners are in the Sisters' Bolivia group. Sister Mary Mercy, M.D., graduate of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, did valuable mission work in Korea for nine years, having first obtained a medical license in Tokyo. Sister Mary Paula, R.N., was also in the Orient for over nine years in the Maryknoll Fushun Vicariate of Manchukuo, and was repatriated on the *Gripsholm*.

Nor will Panama be slighted. Sister Mary Lelia was superior for five of her nine years in Fushun, Manchukuo. She, too, was repatriated after six months of internment following the outbreak of war between the United States and Japan.

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Travel priorities may delay the Sisters' departure a little, but not for a moment longer than can be avoided.

*From left to right: Sister Socorro Maria Strong, Manila, P. I. (Panama); Sister Mary Kateri Peltier, Milwaukee, Wis. (Bolivia); Sister Marie Eugenie Gallagher, Manila, P. I., (Bolivia); Sister Concepta Marie Brennan, Philadelphia, Pa. (Panama); Sister Mary Mercy Hirschboeck, M.D., Milwaukee, Wis. (Bolivia); Sister Mary Paula Sullivan, R.N., Burlington, Vt. (Bolivia). Not in the picture are Sister Mary Lelia Makra, Cleveland, Ohio (Panama); and Sister Maria Natalis Ruggiero, Somerville, Mass. (Bolivia).

SPEED THEM ON THEIR QUEST FOR SOULS

				of	eight	Maryknoll	Sisters	to	cover	the	travel	expenses	to
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enclose herewith \$ to speed Sister
on her journey to Latin America.

Father Jouce and the lever

by Rev. Charles F. McCarthy

SHARP, staccato rattle of rifle fire sounded from the mainland opposite the little leper colony on the Island of Ngai Moon, and one of the lepers who had been taking a solitary walk crumpled and fell to the ground. He made no sound. Blood spurted from a large wound in his throat. The rifle fire continued.

Father John Joyce, a Maryknoller from Kew Gardens, Long Island, New York, saw the incident from the window of the little mission house. He was visiting Father Joseph Sweeney, from New Britain, Connecticut, who for the last decade and a half has been the director of the colony. Father Joyce ran

out to the leper, picked him up in his arms, and carried him to a place of shelter. The bullets were flying dangerously close, but the priest was not struck.

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The leper was mortally wounded. Father Joyce recognized him as a middle-aged Chinese, long a resident on the island. For the past several months, he had been studying Christian Doctrine to prepare himself to become a

Catholic. He was baptized a few moments before he died.

The little Island of Ngai Moon, located as it is in the mouth of the West River, near Hong Kong, becomes increasingly famous in Maryknoll annals

as the war progresses. It is in the dead center of war activities, but it has never been occupied by the Japanese; it is directly below the pathway of the fighting planes which roar over it daily, but it has never been bombed.

War casualties among the Ngai Moon lepers have been fortunately few; but the two priests, Father Joyce and Father Sweeney, are both veterans of many exciting incidents.

Father under fire

Late in 1942 a Japanese soldier on Sancian Island ran amuck and took a point-blank shot at Father Joyce at close range. The bullet ripped through the

> sleeve of his cassock, and it looked as if Father Joyce's time was up; but before the soldier could fire again, he was interrupted by one of his officers.

Father Sweeney, too, had an experience that he is not likely to forget. A blockade runner on which Father Sweeney was riding with a precious cargo of medical supplies for his lepers was sent to the bottom of the China Sea by two



He dived into the water and was washed up on a small island many hours later, where he was rescued by fisher-

American priests in South China are finding life very interesting these days.



Father John Joyce, of Kew Gardens, Long Island

Peru, Chile, and Ecuador

by Rev. ARTHUR E. BROWN

"I'VE READ quite a bit in your magazine about Bolivia, Father," a Catholic gentleman said to me recently. "Now tell me more about the other South American countries where Maryknollers are stationed. Not the kind of thing one finds in all the travel books. Something different."

"Well," I countered, "what do you

know about Lima, Peru?"

"Lima . . . Lima? Why, of course! Saint Rose of Lima lived there."

"Yes," I agreed, "and two compatriots of hers live there today, on whom she certainly smiles from heaven.

Jornada Sacerdotal

"There are books dealing with South America which falsely seek to make it appear a priest-ridden land. But take Peru, for instance. It has only some 1,275 priests for its population of 7,000,000. Since most of Peru's priests came from Europe, and none are arriving during the present crisis, the outlook for the future is very grave."

"How can you explain this lack of vocations in a Catholic country?" the

gentleman inquired.

"For one thing, the Catholic countries of Latin America have not the same tradition of native vocations to the priesthood as we have here in the United States. Spain and Portugal sent priests along with their soldiers, magistrates, and colonizers. Moreover, poverty is widespread, and parents urge their sons toward gainful occupations.

"In 1938, Peru's Papal Nuncio began a movement known as *Jornada Sacerdotal*, 'The Priests' Day.' It is a unique apostolate of liturgical prayer and good works on the part of the general Catholic population, having as its aim the encouragement of native vocations to the priesthood. Centers of this movement have been established all over Peru, where every Thursday the people assist at a Dialogue Mass, receive Holy Communion, and offer the day's actions for the increase of native vocations to the priesthood. Every Monday night a radio station in Lima carries a half hour of liturgical music and talks on the aims of the *Jornada Sacerdotal*.

"The most active promoters of this organization are two young Catholic women of Lima, Dora Vigors de Lavalle and Maria Santollalla Bernal. The Holy Father has bestowed on them the papal cross *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*."

"Magnificent!" commented my audience of one. "Now for Chile."

Inter-Americanism

"Last November," I remarked, "a 'May Procession' was held at Villa Maria Academy in Santiago, Chile. November 7 to December 8 is the Month of Mary in Chile, and the climate is like May-time at home. Many Chileans make pilgrimages during this month to the summit of San Cristobal hill, where a beautiful marble statue of Our Lady overlooks the city.

"Villa Maria Academy is conducted by Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, from Pennsylvania. These Sisters have already worked in Peru for twenty years, and there thousands of children have come under their religious and cultural training. Their foundation in Santiago is a recent one, undertaken at the express wish of Chilean Cathotics.

"At Immaculata College in Pennsylvania, every effort is made to promote spiritual inter-Americanism, and the Sisters have helped religious of other

communities to establish schools in South America."

"It looks to me as if the United States can afford to be proud of those Sisters," my friend said. "Well, how about Ecuador?"

Republic of The Sacred Heart

"More than half of Ecuador's population consists of pure-blooded Indians," I continued. "Another twenty-five per cent is made up of mestizos, among whom the Indian blood is predominant. These Ecuadorian Indians are an interesting people.

"They love the land, and cultivate their small plots so diligently that the mountainsides are ablaze with rich and varied colors. Many Indians are skilled weavers, and their pottery is a thing of beauty. From their ancestors they in-

herit remarkable engineering and architectural ability. Their family life is exemplary; their hospitality gracious.

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"Though so few priests work among them, they are deeply religious. They attend Mass whenever it is possible, and travel miles on foot to visit celebrated shrines. The Ecuadorian Indian would give his life for the beloved Madonna of Quinche, as dear to him as Our Lady of Guadalupe is to the Mexican. Did you know that Ecuador was for some

years called 'The Republic of The Sacred Heart'?"

"How beautiful!" said my friend. His eyes traveled to the map over my desk. "You know," he added, "the whole continent of South America looks not unlike a great heart."

"A noted Bolivian poet, Raul Otero Reiche, has said that 'the man of America will be like South America: a heart," I told him.

> "El hombre de la América será como es América del Sud: ¡Un Corazón!"

"You have given me something to think about," he answered. "Maryknollers helping to make that heart which is a continent into a vast 'Republic of The Sacred Heart.' No wonder you love your call to South America!"



Family ties are close in all Latin America



The Chans listen eagerly to Father Kennelly's story of God's love for man

At home with the Chans

by Rev. Robert P. Kennelly

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M EET Farmer Chan, Mrs. Chan, and the little Chans. Here they are, in their small farmhouse amid the rice fields. There's nothing unique about them. Among China's four hundred and fifty millions, there must be at least three hundred million workers of the soil very much like the Chans, prospering or suffering as the crops are abundant or fail.

Rice is their staple food, and in the picture above a large pot of the precious sustenance is underneath the family table.

You can tell at once that the Chans are a Christian family. Saint Joseph looks down upon them from the wall, and a Catholic calendar points out the Church festivals and saints' days. Little statues and pictures are all about, evidences of the pride these good people take in making their devotion to

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the Faith known to all who visit them. Within the walls of the Chan home, lives are well regulated by custom and practice. The father—we may call him Chanpapa, as others do—is up at sunrise each day, and so are the mother and the boys and girls. They need no alarm clock.

Up at sunrise

Because this rising time varies so much with the seasons, the first morning Mass in the near-by chapel is as early as 4 a.m. in the summer and as late as 8 a.m. in the winter months. Chanpapa goes off at once to the fields, the older boys accompanying him. They are back again at ten for breakfast.

Their return is never dependent upon a watch or dinner bell. Nobody need fear they will be late. Nor do they need to inquire what there is to eat. It will be rice, and they will be thankful to get it. Sometimes the rice gives out, and then they suffer. With the rice there may be vegetables, or bean-curd soup. They drink hot tea at the close of the meal.

There will be only one more meal, except in rice-cutting time. At that season breakfast will be earlier, and a third meal will be served. That is especially the rule when neighbors and helpers are to be fed. Naturally, this routine keeps Mother Chan busy, but she is strong, and she even finds time to go out into the fields with Chanpapa and the boys. You'll find her hard at work, with a baby sleeping contentedly, strapped to her sturdy back.

Rice and more rice

But if she is out in the fields, she'll have to hurry back to get dinner ready for 5 or 5:30. No need to ask this time, either, for the bill of fare. It will be rice, perhaps "with escort," as the Chinese call the "fixings."

After dinner, back to the rice fields the Chans go. Or they may vary the work by taking a turn at the vegetable garden. A substantial part of the food eaten in the house is grown in the little patch outside the door. They raise flowers, too. Like other Chinese, they may have a fondness for artificial blooms, but the real thing is always to be found near the house.

The farmhouse itself is of grey brick. A second, smaller structure holds the kitchen. This means the Chans are never bothered by lingering smoke in their rooms.

In the haak-teng, or main room, the table is usually pushed to one side when the family is not eating. The other rooms are plainly furnished. The beds have rattan mats spread over bare boards, instead of mattresses. The windows are very small. Sometimes there are washbasins in these bedrooms. But the Chans, like most of their neighbors, go out behind the kitchen and wash with

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water from the well, dug by themselves.

The Chans read both newspapers and books, whenever they can get them. Kerosene for the lamps is carried up from the near-by town by Chanpapa, or one of the boys. Sometimes the villages have social clubs, but Chanpapa dislikes the gambling that goes on in most of them. There are no radios, no "movies," no games, no organized sports.

Those Catholic statues on the table and pictures on the wall are fairly new. It was not long ago that incense pots, joss sticks, and other trappings of paganism were discarded. Now the Chans are good Christians. The Church, when it admitted them, had built up their faith on a foundation of essential Chinese traits: traditional honesty and firm adherence to the family virtues.

Millions of Chinese farmers keep close to the good earth—still ignorant of its Creator





Prayer for the children of China

O LORD OF HEAVEN, Who had compassion on the multitude, pity the children of China who are without food and without shelter, homeless in the land of their birth, and dying before they have lived to love Thee. Let the evils that have come upon them be softened by Thy Everlasting Mercy, and let the dark years of their cruel suffering be soon ended.

Lord of Heaven, once a little Child in the care of a tender Mother, remember now these children of China, and give them, dear Lord, we pray, the protection of Thy Divine Might, so that they, too, may grow in wisdom, age, and grace—for of such is Thy Kingdom of Heaven.

-Imprimatur:

두 Francis J. Spellman, D.D. Archbishop, New York March 19, 1943 A striking evidence of a growing world-wide confidence in the Holy Father is seen in the following comment by a non-Catholic columnist, George E. Sokolsky. It appeared recently in the New York Sun:

The Pope's Human Rights

THE POPE'S BROADCAST to the world is an inspirational revolutionary document, lighting for all mankind the eternal light of hope for the individual. For it is to the individual's rights—not the state's—that the Pope addresses himself. In fact, he cautions against the extension of the authority of the state, cautions that it impinges upon the rights and hopes of the individual.

But to me the most important paragraphs in the Pope's restatement of principles for the temporary circumstances in which we find ourselves is his integration of individual human rights within a social system based upon the family.

Responsibilities and rights

The Pope avoids philosophic confusion. He states the human freedoms in the simplicity of an everlasting morality. Heed his words:

"He should favor, by every lawful means, in every sphere

of life, social institutions in which a full personal responsibility is assured and guaranteed both in the earthly and the eternal order of things.

"He should uphold respect for, and the prac-

tical realization of, the following fundamental personal rights: The right to maintain and develop one's corporal, intellectual and moral life, and especially the right to religious formation and education; the right to the worship of God in private and public and to carry on religious works of charity; the right and principle to marry and to achieve the aim of married life, the right to conjugal and domestic society; the right to work, as the indispensable means toward the maintenance of family life; the right to free choice of a state of life, and hence, too, of a priesthood or religious life; the right to the use of material goods, in keeping with his duties and social limitations."

"Full personal responsibility"—not the responsibility of the state nor of ruler nor of one's neighbor—but a personal responsibility for one's own conduct, a responsibility to God, the state, the neighbor, the family and oneself that is the pivot of a moral system. And that responsibility cannot be transferred without degrading the individual.

The Catholic Church has had a long experience with human vagaries and it has learned that morality centers in the home—not in the church and surely not in the state. It is for this reason, above

all else, that the church so emphasizes the family—the Pope said also:

"But if legislation is to play a part in the pacification of the community, it must prevent the worker, who is or will be a father of a family, from

being condemned to an economic dependence and slavery which is irreconcilable with his rights as a person."

Again it is the family. Private property is not essential to make a man rich nor even comfortable, but to maintain the family. And to maintain it as an independent unit, not dependent upon the state nor upon the bounty of a ruler.



Maryknoll's fertile farm land is a bountiful provider

On the farm

WE'RE GROWING our own spinach, a ton of it! Every arable plot of land on the Maryknoll Seminary property is under cultivation. Seventeen acres of garden vegetables are being planted to supply food for the Seminary, the Motherhouse, and the poor. Other acres will grow hay for the horses and tasty morsels for the pigs.

In preparation for the mission work in Asia, as well as in South and Central America, a class in agriculture was introduced into the Seminary curriculum a few years ago.

Then came spring this year, with its food shortages and its Victory gardens. The agriculture class accepted the challenge and went out of the classroom into field work. A program was prepared to cultivate the land more intensively and

to raise vegetables with the most food value. Approval of the plan was given by a New York State farm official. Overalls replaced cassocks, and the planting got under way with enthusiastic students who hope to learn methods which will be invaluable on the mission field.

By using the greenhouse during the winter and early spring, the seminarians and Brothers were enabled to tease their plants into showing signs of life ahead of the season's regular schedule. Not to be outdone in foresight, the group of seminarians assigned to do the canning have already formulated their procedure for preserving the vegetables.

Other Maryknoll acres were laid out in orchards in former years, and they now lend beauty to the landscape as they produce fruit for the table.

Where have you Christians been?

by Rev. James G. Keller

A LONG A ROAD in northern China, a Maryknoll missioner came upon an old lady by the wayside. She was near death from starvation and cold. Nobody was paying the slightest bit of attention to her. The priest helped her as best he could, but it was too late to save her life.

Before she passed away, she summoned her last strength to ask the young American priest: "Why did you bother about me? Nobody else cared!"

"God made you and God made me," he answered. "And He said to go out over the world and help everybody who is in need."

The old lady was deeply touched by this. It was the first time in her life that she had heard of the love of God and man.

Weakly she continued: "What a beautiful religion! Where did this religion come from? Who started it?"

A shock to her

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ey as The missioner then told her quickly how God loved us so much that He sent His own Son down to earth to help us; how Christ worked daily to help the poor and the afflicted; and how He left one great command, that His followers should go out over the world and help every single creature, especially those in need.

The poor little lady was surprised and asked the priest when Christ had lived. She thought he would say about forty years ago. When he said nearly two thousand years ago, she couldn't believe him.

"You mean to say that two thousand years ago Christ commanded His fol-

lowers to spread this idea of the love of God and man over the earth to all men?"

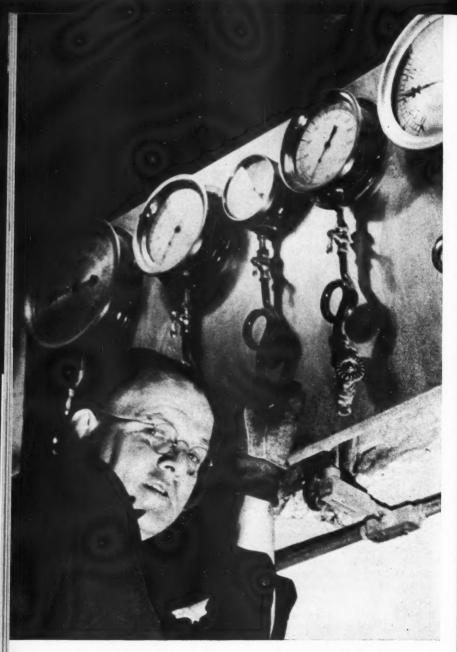
The priest admitted that it had indeed been so long ago.

A searching inquiry

It was hard for her to understand. Her next words made the missioner feel a bit ashamed: "Well, where have you Christians been for the past two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said? We have seen thousands of people from other lands spreading hatred and destruction over our country. Nobody told them to do this. But you say God Himself told you to spread His love over the earth! Where have you been? Why haven't you done it?"

This little old lady died soon after that. But she left behind a lesson, not only for the missioner to whom she spoke—but for every follower of Christ over the world who hears of her searching inquiry: "Where have you Christians been for the last two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said?"

But if she could speak to each of us, it would not be to place blame. She was too grateful to the missioner, for that. No, it would be a plea to all of us to be up and doing—to spread from one end of the earth to the other the divine message that brought to her dying hours a joy and peace no one had given her all through life. She learned that God is a loving Father and that all of us, His children, should treat one another as brothers and sisters. When that idea is known and loved by all men, then shall the Kingdom of God come on earth.



Brother Joachim turns on the morning heat . . . Brothers have been responsible for much of the success of Maryknoll

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Maryknoll Brothers

by Rev. John C. Murrett

THE SKY was black and lowering. A howling wind hurtled down the river; but its wildest screams and its ghostliest moans did not disturb Brother Placidus—not in the least—for he had a nice inside job dusting the Seminary parlors. What a soft snap!

A student came in and felt the cold radiator. "It's a pity you folks in the boiler room couldn't let us have some heat on a day like this," he complained.

Brother smiled, and then the young man remembered. "You old faker!" he exclaimed. "You look so well, I forgot you are only a convalescent. You'll be back on the job in no time, if you keep on like this."

As the student hurried away to a class, Brother Placidus reflected with satisfaction that his strength was fast returning. Would he go back to the boiler room, or to one of his earlier occupations? Like most of the Maryknoll Brothers, he had run practically the whole gamut of the active life.

Visitors to the Knoll liked to be shown around by cheerful, friendly Brother Placidus. The truth was that they caught something of his own deep love for Sunset Hill.

"Your vegetables and your corn fields are in prime condition," one would remark.

"Are those wooden buildings really so old?" another would ask. "They look brand new with that fresh coat of paint."

Then would come the inevitable query: "How can you find help to keep the place so beautiful? It must be a tremendous expense."

This was always Brother's big moment. He would point to overalled figures here and there, calling the Brothers

by their names, telling of their work.

"Well, I declare!" one of the visitors would say. "The Brothers certainly are an important part of Maryknoll. I never dreamed they did so much."

Brother Placidus looked around for dust which might have eluded his keen eye. Not discovering so much as a trace, he crossed over to a chair by the window and sat down to rest. His thoughts went back to the day when he had read in *The Field Ajar* the passage which had determined his vocation:

"I'd do it again"

"It is our hope to attract gradually a sufficient number of men, preferably young, and at least fairly well educated, who, though not destined to the priesthood, will render valuable service either here at Maryknoll or later as catechists and companions to priests on the missions.

"We shall be especially pleased if we can get representatives of different trades and of some professions. We now have a master of horticulture, a printer, and a clerical worker."

"If I were young once more, yet at the same time in possession of the experience I have since gained, how would I respond to that article?" mused Brother Placidus.

He sat back in the chair, his eyes drinking in the beauty of green fields, apple orchards in bloom, and the sunlit expanse of the Hudson. Through his mind were passing the words: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy Glory dwelleth."

• "My response would be the same," he told himself. "I'd do it again!"

R. CHEN, the oii cheung (headman) of Sz Luk village, was old, portly, and overfond of rice wine, but his eyesight was still keen.

His home occupied a hillock on the outskirts of the village. From this vantage point, he had just counted no less than fifty of his people entering the house recently rented by the foreigner.

"It's time I took a hand," decided Mr. Chen. "Let the

American priest stay in Jungyun. Those city folks have no sense, anyway."

The approach of a neighbor distracted his attention. "Good morning, Mr. Wu! I thought you intended to plow your field today?"

"Later on," the farmer replied. "I have business to attend to first."

Mr. Chen closed his eyes reflectively. "You would not by any chance be on your way to the foreigner's house down there?" he asked quietly.

The other nodded.

"Then, my friend, I would not go," the oii cheung counseled.

Mr. Wu hesitated. He had been genuinely interested in the new religion. Still, only last month Mr. Chen had paid off a large mortgage on the Wu farm.

"No doubt you are right," he agreed finally.

Mr. Chen watched a moment as the



Father Peter Reilly, of Roxbury, Massachusetts

farmer plodded back to his plowing; then the oii cheung descended to the rented house. He entered and stood stiffly just inside the doorway.

Mr. Chen focused a baleful glare on a young villager. The latter turned with a start. Others were attracted by the movement, and also looked around to behold their glowering "Number One."

Gradually they seemed to discover sudden business outside. After about fif-

teen men had thus furtively left the room, the headman majestically followed. A moment later, his rasping voice was plainly audible within.

"We have no need of foreign 'religions here in Sz Luk," he vociferated. "I will tell my people what to do. Getting down on one's knees and praying is good only for old women and beggars. I, of course, am far too big and important an official for such superstition. I wish the men in the village to follow my example."

In the house, Father Mulcahy smiled ruefully at his catechist. "Well, that's that," he said.

Mr. Li returned the Maryknoller's wry smile. "We needn't hope for many baptisms now in Sz Luk," he foretold. "The people are really fond of Mr. Chen. With all his blustering and boasting, he's the soul of charity. He helps

those in need out of his own pocket."

The next time Father Mulcahy visited Sz Luk, the number of catechumens

had dwindled to twenty.

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"They'll stick, I think," Mr. Li said. "It showed they really cared about the Faith, when they were willing to cross the oii cheung. By the way, the old fellow is in trouble. His only grandson is at death's door, and the Chinese doctor can do nothing to help the child."

"Why," exclaimed the missioner, "isn't it lucky I have my medicine kit

along! Come with me."

A very deflated Mr. Chen sat in the darkened room, beside the sick child's bed. He offered no opposition. Had not everything else to help the beloved "Small One" been tried already?

During his fourteen years in South China, Father Mulcahy had gleaned considerable experience in the mission dispensary. He gave the boy some medicine, left orders for the night, and requested that he be advised at once if the little one grew worse.

Next morning the priest was called from breakfast by an early visitor. Going out to meet his guest, Father Mulcahy beheld Mr. Chen laboriously heaving his bulk from a sedan chair.

"Good morning, Mr. Chen!" he greeted. "How is your grandson?"

"The Small One slept all night, and this morning he asked for food. You have cured him!" the old man said.

The oii cheung struggled for expression, then spoke rapidly. "The rented house at Sz Luk is not large enough for all my people to learn about the true religion," he said. "The Spiritual Father will find my home more suitable."

Later that same day, Mr. Wu, returning from his rice field, was surprised to behold the headman in a queer, stooping posture in his garden. "Are you

sick, Mr. Chen?" he asked.

"Not at all, Mr. Wu," his benefactor assured him. "It is only that my knees are very stiff, and I must get them into shape. The American Father is going to use my house, and I wish all my people to be present."

"Doubtless you are right," agreed Mr. Wu, as on a former occasion.

To himself he added, "So! Because of the Small One, our Big One now wants to kneel down!"



"Holy Childhood" centenary

"In order to stimulate mission vocations, the pastors should multiply the meetings of the 'Holy Childhood'," said Pius XI, the "Pope of the Missions."

The late cofounder of Maryknoll, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, traced his first interest in foreign missions to a meeting of the "Holy Childhood" in the Boston church he attended as a boy.

The Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood celebrated its hundredth anniversary this year. Founded by Bishop Charles de Forbin-Janson in France, it was introduced into this country in 1846. The present national headquarters of the Society are in Pittsburgh.

The little children of the Church, by their alms and sacrifices, have contributed in no small degree to the remarkable expansion of mission endeavor which is the consolation of our war-sick world.



The Chi-Rho stands out on the main altar at the Maryknoll Center

A world symbol

by REV. THOMAS A. SAMPSON

O YOU KNOW what has happened? The Presbyterians have taken your Maryknoll emblem and put it up on the front of their new church at 90th and Park! I just passed there and saw it."

She was a good friend of Maryknoll and had hastened to our New York office with the news. She was surprised when we assured her that the Presbyterians had not taken anything that belonged to Maryknoll.

"That emblem, the Chi-Rho (which is pronounced as though it were spelled 'key row'), is one of the oldest symbols of Christianity," we explained.

"So that is it," mused our now pacified friend. She asked us the meaning of the monogram. She wanted to be able to tell others about it.

Many have asked the same question. The letters are not the X and P of our alphabet, but Chi and Rho, which form the first two letters of XPISTOS (Christos) in the original Greek of the New Testament. They are shown in a circle which symbolizes the world.

This emblem came into universal use in the fourth century, after Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, had placed it on his standard, instead of the Roman eagle. Under this banner, the Labarum, his army won great victories for the Faith. The device of the monogram was also engraved by Constantine upon his shield and coins. In the catacombs, it marked the resting place of holy martyrs and confessors. Then as now, it was to the Christians a constant reminder of their solemn obligation to spread the Faith.

Maryknoll's founders selected this emblem as the expression of the Society's aim: Christ for the world, and

the world for Christ.

No, Maryknoll has no monopoly on this emblem. Its meaning is for all the world to read, and we are glad to see it where the good lady found it. In fact, Maryknoll exists for this one purpose the sealing of every soul of man with this sacred sign of Christ the King.

Mother of a missioner

by Rev. Robert W. Gardner

MARYKNOLL'S China history for the tast six years has been a wartime chronicle of activities in the midst of shell fire and air raids. The list of converts has shown an almost phenomenal increase during this period, even though the physical requirements of the Maryknoll personnel have verged on the borderline of heroism.

When the roundup of prisoners in enemy territory was brought about, the priests and Sisters were herded into concentration camps, until such time as prisoner exchange could be arranged to the mutual satisfaction of Japan and the United States. Some of the Maryknollers who were in Manchukuo are still detained in Fushun and Shanghai.

Among Maryknoll's tasks during the war period has been that of keeping the parents of the missioners informed as to the whereabouts and well-being of their sons and daughters. Naturally, the usual number of atrocity stories have found

their way into the conversation of the people and the columns of the press. To separate the wheat from the chaff in such items of news is a difficult task at best; and since the parents of Maryknollers have been so anxiously awaiting any word from the Orient, our statements to the press are always conservative, so as not to increase the anxiety of the parents. It has been a useless ges-

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ture on our part, and our sympathy was wasted, as frequently is the case when it is expended on strong people.

The war has brought the picture of the parents of Maryknoll missioners more sharply into focus than has any other single event in the Society's existence. We are proud of these parents, because they are unafraid.

Sons of noble lineage

It has not been easy for mothers and fathers who have been forced to read about war activities in the sections of the world where their missioner sons and daughters are stationed. Nor has it been easy to get word from the latter, because, unlike the armed forces, the missioners are frequently without means of communication, and the messages that trickle into the homelands are sporadic at best and in many instances quite inadequate.

Not once have we heard of a mother

who wanted her missionary son back because of the war. Several have expressed a wish to go "over there" and see how their children are getting along. We believe they would go, too, if they could get transportation.

We are not concerned for the future of Maryknoll. No task will ever be too arduous for it, as long as its sons are drawn from such a noble parentage.



A missioner's mother—she is selfless and unafraid



The entire detachment received four separate citations for valor

Pilots and Our Lady

HE FOUGHT in the skies for 580 combat flying hours, officially counted. From Manila to the Solomons, he battled almost daily. Young in years, he rose swiftly to the rank of major. Then he was picked to teach other young officers to fight as he did.

This pilot started out as a member of the famous 19th Heavy Bombardment Group in the Pacific. It was with this same 19th that Colin Kelly met a heroic death at the very outset of the war.

The story behind the story

In the picture above, the young man we speak of stands with his comrades before a Flying Fortress. For obvious reasons, we can't give you his name.

He was in command of a Fortress at the beginning of the desperate defense of Manila. His plane and its crew came through without loss, although casualties in the 19th mounted to sixty-five per cent. His commanding officer called him "an accomplished leader of men." He helped defend the Netherlands Indies, and Rabaul, in New Britain.

All along the route of their travels among faraway bases, the major and his fighting men met missioners. "They were wonderful to me and all the boys," he says. "Not only did they say Mass at 5 p.m., so that we could receive Holy Communion before starting a night flight, but they were always doing something to make things easier for us in these difficult surroundings,"

When the men were called home, to pass along the practical lessons of combat flying to recruits, the entire detachment received a unique honor—four separate citations for valor. Each of the officers had a bar of ribbon pinned on his breast. Our major looked at his bright, new decoration. It was blue, the color of Our Lady's mantle.

His mother wrote: "My son has won the Distinguished Flying Cross, with silver star, and many other honors. But most of all, he has won the love and protection of Our Lady. He was dedicated to Our Lady at his birth."

Recruit wears same colors

Another mother of a son in the country's service writes us that her boy, too, was dedicated in infancy to Our Lady:

"My son wanted to be in the air corps. When he was six months old, I dedicated him to Our Blessed Lady, and he has always worn her colors. When he went to his induction center on Saturday, Our Lady's special day, he was picked with twelve other boys out of 300 for special service. If I look a little past the natural, I can see the supernatural in all this. He will be wearing Our Lady's colors.

"Before he left, I told him that I was going to make a monthly offering to Maryknoll for as long as he is in the service. The prayers and sacrifices of Maryknoll have helped me over many a rough spot. My prayer for my son is that he may save his soul, regardless of what circumstances may be against it, and that he may be the means of bringing others into Eternal Happiness."

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"He has always worn Our Lady's colors"



"THE MORE I know about the great things your Maryknoll priests are doing for others over the world, the more thrilled I am to have a small part in their efforts. I am also realizing with a new force all that the missions are already doing towards the work of reconstruction which will be so necessary after this war of destruction. I have many an opportunity to remind my students of this, too."

-M.L.T., New Orleans, Louisiana



"I ENJOY your Maryknoll magazine very much. As a geography teacher, I get from it many ideas about South America and Asia never to be found in textbooks. I like the pictures, too, particularly those of the little Bolivian children. I really read it from cover to cover, not omitting the Want Ads., so I'm sending this check for \$575."

-E.M.C., Taunton, Massachusetts

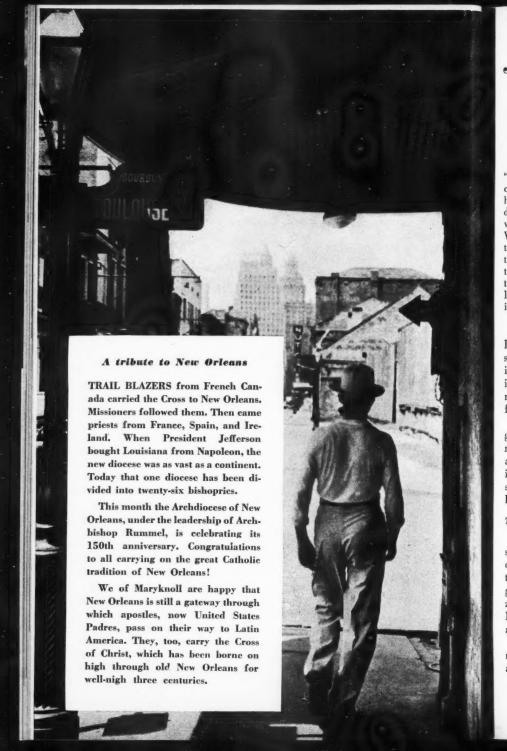


"ENCLOSED is a check for \$11. Ten dollars I am sending as my own donation. The other dollar was saved in dimes by a child in my class. I teach in a public school.

"The child is eleven years old and comes from a quite poor home. He works after school, and I know this means a big sacrifice for him. I'm enclosing stamps, so you'll be able to send him a little note of thanks. He is always ready for everything. It was his generosity in helping with 'the march of dimes' that gave him the idea of saving some of his dimes for the Chinese children.

"A little Jewish girl saw his book and came to ask me if I'd get her one too. So please, Father, send me two more dime books. Thank you."

-J.B.H., Baltimore, Maryland



"We hired a pagan temple"

by REV. PATRICK C. TOOMEY

"Thousands of refugees are crowding the city. There are so many of them that we have not nearly enough teachers to give individual instruction to those who ask. So we decided to go about it on a large scale. We hired an enormous pagan temple close to our mission. It holds more than a thousand people. Several Chinese Christians help to give instructions, and everything goes smoothly. The pagan deities look down from their niches, as we tell our interested listeners of the One True God."

This message was forwarded to us by Father John Tierney, Maryknoll missioner in South China. A pagan temple is scarcely an ideal setting for a course in Christian doctrine, but Father Tierney's small chapel could hold only a fraction of those interested in the Faith.

At Kweilin, in South China, a refugees' crossroads, Maryknoll's Monsignor Romaniello and his priests lived for a time, after the bombing of the mission, in a cave in the city's backdrop of limestone mountains, or on a boat in the Kwei River.

The harvest is great

But no day passed when the missioners were not sought out by a throng of refugees. Among those befriended by the priests was a workman, an amiable giant, whom someone nicknamed "Tarzan." One day "Tarzan" introduced a Mr. Pei, asking assistance for the latter and his family.

Mr. Pei was a man of evident refinement. He was polite and grateful, but always distant. The missioners discov-



ered later that he had once been a prominent government official, and "Tarzan" had been his servant.

As the weeks passed, the workman became a catechumen, but his former master remained aloof. Then Mr. Pei fell ill. Only when the end was near did he ask for instruction. From then on, his soul seemed to expand in a new-found joy. His holy death was long spoken of among the refugees.

So they come in ever-increasing numbers, Chinese refugees of high and low degree, seeking the charity of Christ. Whether they find the missioner in pagoda, cave, river boat, or shack matters not at all to them. War has taught them the instability of material things.

But suppose they cannot find a priest at all? Ten times the number of Maryknoll missioners now at work in China would not suffice to give to all these starved souls the manna of Christ's love.

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HALF-STARVED refugees were pouring in on us. Many were sick. All were excited. Mothers were frantically hunting for children, and children were crying for their mothers. All were dead tired. All were frightened and famished.

Chinese Boy Scouts did their best to keep the pathetic crowds in order, but how could one hope to get order from people who hadn't eaten for days? As fast as we could, we fed them and led them to their new homes. These quarters were in old box cars—forty of them, the only shelters we could find. We packed the refugees in, fifty persons to a car.

In the kitchen, which we had hastily thrown together, we cooked rice, bushels of it! Never did I see food consumed so ravenously. More than 5,000 persons devoured it. We should have thought the number far beyond our capacity, but we found something for all of them.

There was sleeping room for only 3,000. But all of them at least had something to eat.

Our next big job was to clothe the refugees, Lining up in front of the supply house—in other words, the last box car—they approached and showed us their miserable rags. They were sights!

Clothing had been sent over from America. In the big, unending line, I saw a distressed-looking old fellow utterly in rags. I put aside a freshly starched, full-dress shirt, and when he came to the door I handed it to him. He bowed with dignity and grace, and withdrew to one side. Then he tried to climb into it, but he couldn't make it. I had pity on the poor fellow, and exchanged the shirt for a more practical garment.

Odds and ends from the U.S.A.

Among the things sent to us were two large boxes of women's silk finery, flimsy and totally unserviceable. The sturdy, toil-hardened Chinese women, covered with grime and the stains of their flight, held the garments admiringly against their own coarse, black coolie suits. Then they smiled, shook their heads, and walked away.

We had plenty of chance to study these Chinese village people. What a fine lot they are! The cruel conditions of

> refugee life only threw into bold relief the real nobility of their natural qualities. Certainly they are poor, and ignorant of worldly knowledge. Yet there is a childlike refinement about them that grows more and more evident, the more we live with them. They are docile, almost to excess. They are patient, with a patience incompre-



Father John Donovan, of Newport, R. I.

hensible to a Westerner.

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Their capacity for enduring pain is incredible. They resign themselves to misfortune with ease. Here were people who had left their homes, or who had seen their houses blasted or burned, and who had perhaps not had time even to bury their dead. Their silent suffering and their frightened faces told eloquently of the pain in their broken hearts. They came to us after spending long hours on the road, or bitterly cold nights lying in some open field or cowering in a ditch to shield their weakened bodies from the wind.

Yet after one day with us, they felt quite at home. They smiled and chatted, as though they had dropped in for a week-end picnic.

We had to have them vaccinated. The poor, patient people looked on wonderingly. Many seemed distrustful as the doctors kept on scratching the tough skins of

their brown arms. In case of objection, we had a way of enforcing the rule. Those who weren't vaccinated got no meal tickets. Some of the ultrawise ones took two vaccinations and two tickets. Remember, they had not eaten for a long time.

For the missioners, all of this is a glorious work and a grand opportunity. It means the chance to plant a little hope in hearts that are almost hopeless, the chance to ease the weight of sorrow. We're able to cause a smile to flash



Never did I see food consumed so ravenously

across sad faces, to hand a bowl of rice to famished women and children.

It is our lot to find, and entrust to tender hands, little ones abandoned by parents in their extreme of destitution. To have a part in sheltering and covering unfortunates driven from their homes—what a privilege is ours!

We sleep well at nights. We know we are fulfilling, in a small measure at least, our consecrated mission, and following in the steps of the Master, even if at a great distance.

CHINA WANT ADS.

Forty rice bowls in a Maryknoll orphanage in South China must be filled every day. Can you save 15 cents a day to fill one? Will you try?

Buy war stamps and bonds and send them to Maryknoll, to rebuild, after the war, missions destroyed by bombs. Purchase Bond Series F or G, in the name of Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.

"My husband is in the Navy. Who knows? Some day he may need a priest badly on some foreign soil," writes Mrs. A. S. \$15 a month will support a native Chinese in the seminary while he studies to be a priest.

Never again will your charity pay such big dividends. Thousands in China today are asking for Baptism, but we haven't enough manpower to instruct them. Catechists are an indispensable aid in this work. \$150 will keep one working in your name for a year.

Be a Good Samaritan and bind the wounds of war victims by stocking the dispensary shelves in Kweilin. \$10 will be a big help.

Would it interest you to help us with this one? We just received a bill for \$330, for altar cloths for several of our chapels.

It's a wonderful thing to help others in their quest for souls, and it's worth any sacrifice. \$15 a month will keep a native Sister trekking over the mountains of Kaying in search of those "other sheep."

"Imagine the lepers having an 'eatless' day to help feed refugees, and we here complaining about 'meatless' days! Enclosed find our offering."—Mr. & Mrs. T. Would you like to help feed the lepers, too?

Support a native priest and change for the better, for time and eternity, the destiny of a village in Kongmoon, China. \$150 a year will do it.

"Eat your spinach," Bishop Paschang, in Kongmoon, China, finally told his native seminarians, who had been going without one meal a day to feed refugees. Would you like to sacrifice something—candy, cigarettes, sodas, "movies"—to fed refugees? \$5 will hold back starvation for one month.

"Heaven's door is shut to him who comes alone.

Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own."

-Whittier

Save souls by keeping a native priest in Wuchow, China, supplied with the means of living. \$15 a month will do it.

SOUTH AMERICAN WANT ADS.

Ordinarily people go to Mass, but in the Pando, Bolivia, Mass must be taken to the people. A chapel boat (\$5,000), given as a

memorial, would carry the Holy Sacrifice over the river highways to the most remote villages and insure for your loved one a remembrance in countless Masses. Name will be inscribed.

Honor Our Blessed Mother by placing her statue in the new Maryknoll mission in Talca, Chile. \$100.

If you can't be a missioner, be his partner. Help pay his way to the mission field. \$500 will take him all the way. Can you pay part of his fare?

"All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," writes a friend who

wishes to erect a chapel to her mother's memory. Other chapels in Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, and Peru are awaiting donors. \$500 each.

Maryknoll parish in the suburbs of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. An area of two or three square miles on the side of a mountain. Between 18,000 and 25,000 people, practically all Indians and mestizos. Houses of stone and mud brick. No church, no school, no rectory! Mass out of doors—when it doesn't rain. Cost of rectory, \$1000.

Maryknoll parish in Calacala, Bolivia! No school, no

rectory, and only the outer shell of a church. The floor, ground littered with rocks on which the Indians squat during Mass. \$1,500 needed for house for three priests. All donations welcome.



Here Are a Few Hemized Needs

Far Maryknoll Altars

Ciboriums	\$60.
Censer and incense boat	25.
Charcoal and incense (1 yr.)	15.
Set of vestments	25.
Mass wine and hosts (1 yr.)	30.
Altar cards	10.
Chalice	75.
Missal	10.
Stations of the Cross	40.
Mass kits	150.
Monstrance	100.
Candles (1 yr.)	20.
Altar cloths	5.
Mass cruets	2.

For Maryknoll Kitchen

\$500.
1200.
150.
40.
21.
250.
1250.
15.
50.



